

THE SHEPHERD OF ETERNITY
AND OTHER POEMS

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BY

EVA GORE-BOOTH

LONGMANS, GREEN AND CO.

39 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C. 4

NEW YORK, TORONTO

BOMBAY, CALCUTTA, AND MADRAS

1925

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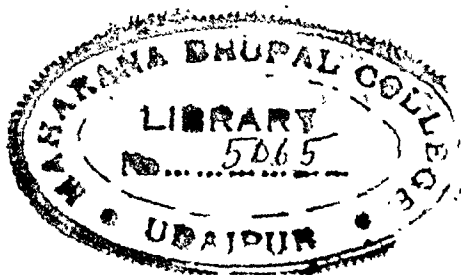
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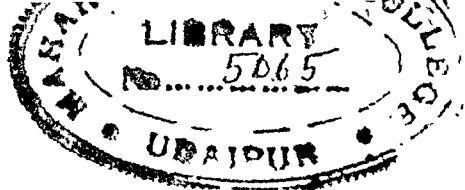
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Author's thanks are due to the
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The corn was orient and immortal wheat.

T. TRAHERNE.

The corn was orient and immortal wheat.

T. TRAHERNE.

The Shepherd of Eternity

(Statues of 'the Shepherd, the Beautiful One,' were carved by early Greek Christians to decorate the fountains of Constantinople.)

JoyFUL and swift, who led
The souls of the dead
In a shadowy band
To the Twilight land,
Surely deaf wert thou to our crying,
In silence conceived, in darkness dying,
And we wept as we went
Down the dark descent.
Hermes, thou Beautiful One, thy smile did but
mock our despair,
Who wept for the light of the sun and the
shining and silvery air.

Glad shepherd of joyless sheep,
We, children of those who weep,
We who have lost all things,
Shudder at thy swift wings,
For thou wert deaf to our crying,
In silence conceived, in darkness dying,
And thy smile so fair
Knew not woe or despair

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In silence conceived, in darkness dying,
And thy smile so fair
Knew not woe or despair

Somewhere beyond the earth
There is respite from birth
For the mourners who stray
Down the Desolate Way.
He who lives in Life, Life-bringing,
Gives a new song for our singing ;
And we, who are doomed to go
In darkness to and fro,
Like the wind in the trees, or the driven clouds,
or the wandering tide,
Have found at last the place of that peace, where
our weary souls may abide.

Every fountain to the skies
Clear and foamless shall arise ;
There are bright wings for all things,
Even the worms shall have wings ;
The Living Waters, ascending,
Rainbow-coloured, shining, blending
With the everlasting Light,
Transfigure the world's night :
This is the Song the Shepherd sang, with many
runs and shakes and trills,
The Shepherd of Eternity, piping o'er cypress-
shaded hills.

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shaded hills.

At the Waterfall

As the water fell sheer,
I shuddered to know
Whence it came here
And where it must go.

A child's thoughts at play
Whispered, ' Each little stream
Did but yesterday
In the rainbow gleam.'

And a thought like a friend
In the midst of foes
Said, ' Each stream in the end
Into Heaven flows.'

At the Waterfall

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Whence it came here
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The Quest

DEEP in that world where pale tides ebb and flow,
And wild shapes wander under the vast blue,
A man once sought, beneath the shadow show,
To find himself, the living one, the true.

And first he met a gentle silver shade,
And held it as it would have floated by.
He cried to it. 'Art thou my self?' he said.
'Nay, but the form of all thy dreams am I.'

'Not thou, but thine,' thin voices and swift gleams
Mocked at the darkness of the lonely quest,
For though he found his soul, his burning dreams,
Himself seemed always an unbidden guest.

He laboured on through sorrow, toil, and strife,
Till in the labyrinth a strange voice said,
'I am the Resurrection and the Life.'
He woke at last—himself—transfigured.

The Quest

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The Well where the World Ends

ON the King's robe the Mother of Emerald
shivered and shone,
Flashing green in the sullen glow of the sacrificial
flame,
Whilst, wrapped in a vision ecstatic, the wizard
Solomon
Breathed from the height of his glorious hour the
Everlasting Name.
The people fell prostrate, the trumpets shrilled,
the priests cried aloud ;
In vain, in vain, for the Face of the Lord was
hidden behind a cloud.

When the Pilgrim spoke to the woman, tired by
the sun's hot glare,
As seeking the well at noonday o'er burnt-up
grass she trod,
Love sang through the rustling corn in a little
wind of prayer,
And Truth came gently into her soul, radiant,
the Son of God.

The Well where the World Ends

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wind of prayer,
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the Son of God.

Revelation

I ASKED for news of God from the shining sea,
Flowing in streams of sapphire, tides of chalcedony,
And the little waves were seven, but the great
waves were three.

I asked for news of God from the blue of the air,
For joy and wonder and peace were singing and
soaring there,
And a dream of the Ultimate Beauty answered
my prayer.

I asked for news of God from the starlight on the
wind :
'We are the children of Heaven, we lighten the
dreams of the blind,
We are the Logos shining under your shadowy
mind.'

A man stole my coat from me, I asked him for
news of God,
Flinging my cloak before him down on the rain-
drenched sod ;
Yea, this was the messenger whose feet with the
Truth were shod.

Revelation

I ASKED for news of God from the shining sea,
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Life

For God's sake, kill not : Spirit that is breath
With Life the earth's grey dust irradiates ;
That which has neither part nor lot with death
Deep in the smallest rabbit's heart vibrates.
Of God we know naught, save three acts of will:
Life that vibrates in every breathing form,
Truth that looks out over the window sill,
And Love that is calling us home out of the
storm.

Life

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Truth that looks out over the window sill,
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storm.

The Acorn

THE Acorn is a common thing and small,
Child of the sun and plaything of the wind,
You think it is of no account at all,
Yet at its heart great forces crash and grind.

The Acorn's jade-wrought chalice holds concealed
The Eternal Host, with dreams and death at
 strife,
Great are the issues, small the battle-field,
Where infinite will drags beauty into life.

The Acorn is a holy thing and dear,
The green leaves shudder out to meet the Light,
The great Tree rushes upward, tier on tier,
Stretching wild boughs towards the Infinite.

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Stretching wild boughs towards the Infinite.

Take not from the swift nations of the air
Their wide blue house, their radiant stair,
Kill not the smallest thing,
Nor break the frailest wing,
For, buried in Life's stream,
God's purpose and His dream
Gleam gold beneath the tide.
Time is not long, space is not wide,
And every little river is the sea,

Potentially ;

Transfigured by strange waves and waters wild
Time will not know his child.

Sappho was right :

Life that is Love is God, and Mercy wise
Is that which never dies—
Life, Love, and Light.

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The Logos of Life

‘Said I not unto thee, that, if thou wouldest believe, thou shouldst see the glory of God?’—Christ to Martha.

THERE was silence for a space,
The sun had ceased to shine,
The ground was wet with tears,
The strange deep flowing tears divine,
Where the sisters knelt on the sod
At the rock-hewn burial place,
Shrinking with indrawn breath
From the hideous sight of death.
Three words shook the spheres. . . .
No deathly damp shall mar
The face of the Morning Star;
There, beyond sight or sound,
Those who sought death found Life, they found
The Beautiful Glory of God.

The Logos of Life

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Here on the storm-swept slope of the hillside,
Where the pines soar above the populous clay
In high eternal beauty, without pride
To drag them downward from their golden day,
Shall our dreams reach the mountains white with
 snow,
And Psyche find at last her ancient shrine.
So near, so far the Living Waters flow,
So far, so near the Eternal Life Divine.

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The Mystery of Pain

FAIR is the Garden, you say,
Full of scents and colours and beautiful things—
The daisies' eyes and the sweet peas' wings,
Cherubim of the Grass,
And Seraphim of the Flowers ;
But the thorns, the thorns that tear
Your face and your hands as you pass
The ivy-wreathèd door.
Nay, though you strive and pray,
You shall not tear the brambles down,
Because, some day,
All these must be woven into a crown
For the Son of Man to wear,
Rose-radiant evermore
In green immortal bowers.

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Rose-radiant evermore
In green immortal bowers.

A Builder of Rainbows

As it was willed and done in the secret councils
of yesterday,

Out of my dreams and desires was built this
fragile body of clay,

And now in the deeps of the air, in a sinister
place apart,

The form of my dreams and desires lies curled
like a snake round my heart.

Yet is it not greatly decreed, in the innermost
council of things,

That every man on the earth becomes what he
loves and sings ?

Then who can tell the day and the hour when the
Son of Man shall arise,

With a cry in his heart that shudders beyond the
ultimate skies ?

No longer the slave of the storm-wind tossed
between fear and faith,

No longer a clay-built body, no longer an earth-
bound wraith,

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Comets

NAY, not the Great Lights of the Firmament,
Calm centres of all whirling things,
Bring my soul balance and content . . .

A sense of wings,

But those that pass in a flash and a glow
With a vanishing wake of flame,
And we know not whither they go,
Nor whence they came.

These are the Virgins who run with their lamps
When at midnight there is a cry,
And word goes out among the tramps,
‘The Lord is passing by.’

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These are the Virgins who run with their lamps
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And word goes out among the tramps,
 ‘The Lord is passing by.’

Mary

SHE who broke the precious jar,
And through the house new fragrance shed,
Mournful and glad as prophets are,
Saw sunrise on the newly dead.

She saw the broken golden bowl,
And the Divine Light, strong and free,
Whispering within each living soul
The wild song of Eternity.

She felt the House of Life grow sweet
With a strange presence everywhere,
Earth's corn change to immortal wheat,
As a dream changes to a prayer.

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*A Prayer for Donkeys*¹

THE Wise Ass turnèd from the hay
Where the Child in the manger lay.
Lord, pity the poor Ass, we pray.

Lo, with Joseph old and bent,
And Mary, on the Child intent,
The Wise Ass into Egypt went.

Yet once again, with God his Guide,
And blessèd Mary at his side,
The Lord did to his Passion ride.

Thrice did the patient beast and wise
Gaze into those strange secret eyes
That hid Life's uttermost surprise.

Lord, whom the stars and suns obey,
Remember the poor Ass, we pray,
In thy Resurrection Day.

¹ This poem has been set to music as a Christmas carol by Max Mayer: London, 1924.

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The Deliverance

In vain, in vain the wild Atlantic dreams
 Shine, and shudder, and break on my heart of
 stone,
 And the sea-birds cry, and the rainbow gleams,
 O'er my low-roofed cabin frail and lone.

In vain, in vain great green waves storm
 My soul in a tumult of yea and nay,
 My dreams have cast off the colour and form
 Of many a sorrowful yesterday.

Lo, I have had enough of this earth,
 I would climb the high walls of life and death.
 Why should one crawl through the gates of
 birth
 To weep in this whirlpool of bitterest breath?

I would build a form of my fierce desire,
 My feet shall be free of the grass and its
 graves,
 Strong with the secret of Love and Fire,
 Standing with Christ on the glimmering waves.

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‘A Broken Stammer of the Skies’

CHRIST said to God,
When his sweat ran blood red
On the olive-shaded sod,
‘Thy Truth and Love I hold
In my cup of gold’ ;
And God answerèd,
‘When the vessel breaks, the Light is shed,
Love on the dark earth deathly cold,
But to thee I will give more than a golden bowl,
My Life to hold thy soul.’

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But to thee I will give more than a golden bowl,
My Life to hold thy soul.’

Father of all Life, when the Sun's trumpet calls,
May perfect primroses glide silent into flower,
From the sharp cliffs may rainbow-prismèd
waterfalls

Soak all the humblest grass in an emerald shower,
May the sap rise in the oak-tree's gnarlèd bole,
Be Thou the Life Eternal rising in my soul.

Father of all Life, when the Sun's trumpet calls,
May perfect primroses glide silent into flower,
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waterfalls

Soak all the humblest grass in an emerald shower,
May the sap rise in the oak-tree's gnarlèd bole,
Be Thou the Life Eternal rising in my soul.

As Pan stood gasping at the river's edge,
All things seemed but to mock him, and her
words

Strange as the wind that rustles in the sedge,
And idle as the empty songs of birds.

That night at midnight thus it came to pass,
As the moon rose white and the earth slept,
When Christ went sighing over the wet grass,
Pan cried out in his dream, and waked, and wept.

As Pan stood gasping at the river's edge,
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Soilèd silver, lifeless wings—
God's pity on all helpless things !

Did she stand and weep alone
By the blood-stained altar stone ?

Haply even then the Child
Out of his deep wisdom smiled,

Knowing that from God he came,
To lighten every dying flame ;

Knowing he himself would pay
Her debt to the wild birds one day.

.

II

When Christ, in the Father's Name,
Into the blood-stained Temple came,

All the Doves began to sing,
Stretching every prisoned wing.

And he said, ' The Spirit of Love
Is as a living, flying Dove.'

As once in his babyhood,
Sheep and oxen round him stood.

Soiled silver, lifeless wings—
God's pity on all helpless things !

Did she stand and weep alone
By the blood-stained altar stone ?

Haply even then the Child
Out of his deep wisdom smiled,

Knowing that from God he came,
To lighten every dying flame ;

Knowing he himself would pay
Her debt to the wild birds one day.

.

II

When Christ, in the Father's Name,
Into the blood-stained Temple came,

All the Doves began to sing,
Stretching every prisoned wing.

And he said, ' The Spirit of Love
Is as a living, flying Dove.'

As once in his babyhood,
Sheep and oxen round him stood.

ΤΕΤΕΛΕΣΤΑΙ¹

'HE failed,' I said ; ' the deed he came to do
Two thousand years ago is still undone ;
There is no mercy yet under the sun,
And Love lies dead beneath God's gentle blue.'

It is not true ; the Doer knew the Deed.
A million years is but a little thing,
The sunshine and the sap of a short spring,
To raise the tree of Life out of its seed.

Safe buried under our fierce dreams of power,
The tree's deep roots grow, sheltered from the
wind,
For there is One, greater than all mankind,
Who in the soul of each man waits his hour.

Yea, even to our broken world of clay
The Son of Man in Man shall surely come,
Then will I cry to Love who now am dumb,
' Dear friend, I heard thy footsteps yesterday.'

¹ ' It is finished.'

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A Sunlit Cloud

A SUNLIT cloud touches the mountain peak
Where brighter gleams the light of sunlit snow,
White clouds and blue air
Are all about us everywhere,
The blue of heaven leans down as if to seek
The lake's blue waters lying far below ;
 So near, so dear,
The Eternal Beauty leans towards my soul
Till Life and Love are merged in a great shining
 whole.

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 whole.

The Angel in the Garden

AN Angel in a Garden : what bright dreams
Of liliated Gabriel, and rose-petals flung
By spirits wandering amongst living streams,
With golden harps on silver willows hung,
Do those fair words bring to the dreamer's mind.
Ah no, the terrible truth to tell,
The Garden where the Angel stood
Is no stream-blessed and fragrant dell,
But a forlorn and sorrow-shadowed place,
A leafless waste, a flowerless, haunted wood,
Where even dying daisies find no grace,
Shrunk in the dry and bitter wailing wind ;
Blood lies upon its grass like dew.
Yet some will understand
That here the Faithful and the True
Has bid his fairest Angel stand.
Far stars shine near above the leafless trees,
Capella, Sirius, and the Pleiades. . . .

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The Answered Prayer

A MAN prayed, with eyes grown dim,
Tears hiding the blue sky,
' A friend has come to me
In bitter, evil poverty ;
My house is empty, I have nought to give,
No bread that one may eat and live.
Give me, that I may give to him,
Water of Life to raise the dead,
The Everlasting, Living Bread.
Give me one loaf for my poor friend. . . .'
God gave him all things without end.

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The Travellers

As we sped on in our crazy boat
From the moon a little cloud did float,
Out of the darkest waves of thought
A ladder of Light was wrought.
Behold, the sudden gleam sufficed
To cut a path over the sea,
A silver Road of Mystery
And Highway for the feet of Christ.

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Behold, the sudden gleam sufficed
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A silver Road of Mystery
And Highway for the feet of Christ.

Then the Lord knelt down in the garden, where
four rivers meet,
The daisies blanched as they saw Him cover
His Face with a cloud ;
He wept, and His tears fell down on cowslip and
meadow-sweet,
The flowers were still like dead things, each
wrapped in a dreadful shroud ;
But Adam came out of the thicket, and knelt at
His feet.

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His feet.

*Something Infinite behind everything appeared,
which talked with my expectation and moved
my desire.*

T. TRAHERNE.

*Something Infinite behind everything appeared,
which talked with my expectation and moved
my desire.*

T. TRAHERNE.

Nazareth

Unto the greater Lights
Small is this earth of ours,
Short are its days and nights,
Soon dead its passion flowers.

Unto Rome's marble pile,
Her Lords of Life and Death,
Small and low-roofed and vile
Seemed remote Nazareth.

Yet not through Rome's high gate
Came singing the Divine,
But that small Door of Fate,
Nazareth in Palestine.

For size is man's demand,
And smallness the earth's doom,
But the Infinite can stand
In a narrow room.

And This that made the sea,
And the great stars above,
Lived suddenly for me
In a word of Love.

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Small is this earth of ours,
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The Moon and a Lamp

A LAMP burning in the window on a dark night
Said to the travellers, 'God is Light' ;
But the Moon, blazing whitely, on the heavens
 above,
Wrote in shining letters, 'Light is Love.'

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Consider the Lilies

BEYOND the Evil and the Good,
Deep in the purple-shadowed wood,
White and red the lilies stood.

In rain-soaked grass on faery hill
Grows the primrose pale and still,
Knowing neither good nor ill.

We who toil upon our way,
Greedy, lustful, prone to slay,
Hating, fearing, all the day,

Praising right, and doing wrong,
In a blind bewildered throng,
Catch a note of some far song ;

Dream of one long dead, who stood
With the lilies in the wood,
Beyond the Evil and the Good ;

See across our pathway gleam,
Like a sudden silver stream,
The lustrous shadow of his dream,

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Florence (1920)

BACK to the Lily town, the exile dreaming
Of Peace long sought for, and the end of pain,
Where delicate faces from dim arches gleaming,
Colour the world with kindness once again.

Here shall one stand in fair and holy places,
Where, amongst Angels, tired shepherds smile,
And crownless kings, with ivory-lighted faces,
Grow gentle-hearted for a little while.

Here, in the arms of a pale girl reclining,
Glimmers the answer to the whole world's prayers,
And underneath the Eastern stars clear shining,
Light of a Truth more radiant than theirs.

Here to my soul I clasp the humble-splendid
Dream of an exile, battle-broken, blind,
Love that is Truth and Life, in beauty blended,
The one Light's rainbow in a storm-swept mind.

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And how the tree-tops rustled in the moonlit
garden.

Then Mary of Bethany, the gentle and patient one,
Would doubtless tell of all that she heard
When she gave to Jesus ungrudgingly
The hospitality of her mind.

But it must have been from Martha there came
The story of the Resurrection and the Life.
How Lazarus must have listened when there was
a sudden hush,

And Mary Magdalene told once more
Of the Voice she heard, long ago,
In the darkness of the early morning amongst
the olives.

And out of talk like this,
And the long pondering of John and Mary,
And the love of the woman who was a sinner,
And perhaps too of that one who was so nearly
stoned by the Jews in the Temple,
John's Gospel arose.

That was the greatest gift anybody ever gave the
world,

For in it is the Inner Knowledge of Christ.

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In Oxford Street

A LITTLE idle, lonely song, secret and far away,
Haunted the roads of all the world, and fled along
the shore ;

It laughed in rustling corn that grows high up on
Knock-narea,

And sang along the sunset waves at windy
Mullaghmore.

It darted in and out among the trees at Lissadil,
And whispered in the twilight what the quiet
primrose meant,

And flung a sudden call from every green en-
chanted hill,

And faded far away o'er silver miles of sand
and bent.

The little streams have fled from me aghast with
broken cries,

As through the din of Oxford Street I walk cold
ways of death,

Yet in my soul a sudden wave of starry silence
sighs,

Under my storm-swept roof of dreams the
singer entereth.

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Apostles of Eternity

‘Certain women of our company.’

FIRST came, with profound eyes and clear,
Mary, poet and seer ;
To the cradle and the cross,
Bitter gain and radiant loss,
She brings strange wisdom, deep and still,
The white Peace of Goddess’ will ;
She dreams, and waits, and understands,
Bringing a message to all lands.

At sunset to the well there came
A woman without name or fame,
Water of life for every man
Christ gave to the Samaritan.
She unto her neighbours went
On the mysterious errand sent,
Her living water she outpoured,
Many she brought unto the Lord.

To her whose soul was steeped in sin
Christ gave the light of heaven within,
Forgiveness, righting every wrong,
And Love’s soul-shattering song ;

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Forgiveness, righting every wrong,
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The first to pierce Death's bitter night,
Apostle of our deathless Light,
Strangest speaker since time began,
Bearer of Christ's great gift to man.

She told how the whole world's friend
Unto his Father could ascend.
There, where all true desires and fair
Can breathe their own eternal air,
Where the wild winds of the Spirit go,
From whence the Living Waters flow,
Where Life trails starry robes divine,
She bade men drink of the new wine.

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Raising the Dead

No, not by fierce concentration
On a beloved human form,
Or the toil of the imagination,
Shalt thou find what was lost in the storm.
Ah piteous, Death gives thee back for thy faith,
But a beautiful image, a phantom, a wraith.
But a gift thou hast given to another,
And a prayer thou hast prayed not amiss,
For the sake of a human brother,
Shall bring down from the stars thy bliss.
This Messenger holds all heaven in his hand. . . .
Alas, who will understand ?

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Reality

THOU who hast filled the blue bowl of the sea
With beauty, and the grey bowl of the shore,
Who with the living ecstasy
Thus fillest all things golden to the brim,
Giving to all men what they labour for ;
My little cup of metal dim
Can yet hold a burning coal :
Cast Truth into my soul.

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Cast Truth into my soul.

The Glory of God

BEYOND the sunset, over the sea, a pale green
luminous ray was shed.

‘Lo, this is the very gate of Heaven, the ultimate
Glory of God,’ I said.

When silver the moon rose out of the darkness,
serene and stainless and white,
The Glory of God seemed to fall like a sword on
the waves of the night.

But a voice of past agony in the inner deeps of
my spirit stirred,
And the sun burnt cold, the moon hid her face,
in fear of the spoken word.

‘Father, forgive them who torture me thus,’—the
great words glitter and shudder and shine ;
And this was the ultimate Glory of God, the Gate
of the Kingdom Divine.

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of the Kingdom Divine.

Peace

FRET not thyself, nor make great argument
With other men on other light intent,
For they too love the Perfect One, who
 praise
The Vision and the Glory in strange ways.
The lark knows not the song the linnet sings,
The thrush gains heaven without the eagle's
 wings ;
The lake unto the mountain cannot rise,
Yet it reflects the blueness of the skies ;
No daisy's beauty does a snowdrop wrong,
Each sings to God her white and golden
 song ;
The fragrance of the mignonette divine
Is foolishness unto the jessamine ;
The pale sea-thrift, growing among the rocks,
Sings not the great song of the hollyhocks ;
What shining lily or blue violet knows
The secret of the colour of the rose ?
These neither strive nor cry, into the air
They lift their lovely forms, their colours fair,
Each pouring forth into the sun's clear rays
Her answering rhythm of love and praise. . . .

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Water

WHAT light doth water hold,
Beautiful water, clasping to her heart
All things divine, remote, apart,
Stars and rainbows manifold. . . .
Thus doth the midnight swimmer float
At ease in the moon's boat,
Thus doth she plunge through the fleece of
 the Lion,
Dipping her head in the gleam of Orion,
Wild to clasp in far-off seas
Arcturus or the Pleiades.
Yet stars must pale, and the night end—
Water is still our friend,
For all the livelong day
With heaven you may play ;
Blue sky, the clouds, and the great shining
 sun,
All things luminous and dear
 She bringeth near :
 This, this hath water done.

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 sun,
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 She bringeth near :
 This, this hath water done.

The Winds

THROUGH all our pallid sea and skies
The wild breath of His presence flies,
Like the way of the wind through a field of corn,
Or the pathway of Light on a living stream,
His footsteps waver and flash and gleam.
His Three Winds, since time began,
Are Love that shakes the soul of a man
As the wind shakes a rose on a summer morn,
Till the raindrops fall on the grass below
Where the little thirsty daisies grow ;
And Truth that shakes the human mind
As the sea is shaken by the wind ;
And the wind of Life that blows where it wills,
Over cities and deserts and valleys and hills.
They who would know God watch the breeze,
Listen to the rustle in the trees,
See the snow on the mountains above,
Follow the winds of Truth and Love ;
Fear not the stony water-course,
Tracing the stream of Life to its source
Amongst the Everlasting Snows,
Find the Wind that shakes the Rose.

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To a Lady—now Dead

WHEN first I saw your curved and gracious face
With noble gentleness of beauty shine,
I thought of starry music and blue space,
And then of colours, long lost, Florentine.

The sculptured splendour of your moving form
Was shepherding my thoughts to light-crowned
Greece,

But suddenly you walked above Life's storm,
Shining upon me from far hills of peace.

And now my heart was lifted up with dread
And exaltation to a Light above
The rainbow's, where life rises from the dead,
And Beauty walks in Everlasting Love.

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The Fairest

IN this dark world how great and fair a throng
Of shining things hold lamps to guide our feet,
Music and lovely forms and frozen song,
And cowslips most compassionately sweet.

But there is one thing fairer far than all,
Dearer than dawn-lit waters deep and clear,
The Perfect Love that answers every call,
And from the coward heart doth cast out fear.

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But there is one thing fairer far than all,
Dearer than dawn-lit waters deep and clear,
The Perfect Love that answers every call,
And from the coward heart doth cast out fear.

Yet a Voice whispers in my heart all day,
And Light shines through its phantom terrors
grim,
Bringing strange dreams to weeping eyes of clay,
Saying, ‘ Arise and follow him,
Fear not at all, he is himself the way.’

Yet a Voice whispers in my heart all day,
And Light shines through its phantom terrors
grim,
Bringing strange dreams to weeping eyes of clay,
Saying, ‘ Arise and follow him,
Fear not at all, he is himself the way.’

The Consoler

Nor when he dwelt at peace under bare skies,
Nor when he came at dawn down from the height,
With the night's prayer still shining from his eyes,
And all the world was bathed in a new light ;

Not when the shouting people branches spread,
And garments, on the ground as he rode past,
Nor when he healed the suffering, raised the dead,
Did God send forth an Angel from the Vast.

But when the stars above the olives gleamed
On Love that reached the ultimate goal of pain,
And his friends slept, whilst only Mary dreamed
That hardly should they hear his voice again,

Yea, even in that Agony of prayer,
When his soul rocked, and every star grew dim,
Charged with strange rapture none but he could
bear,
God sent a Messenger to comfort him.

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The Tulip Tree

UNDER the moon last night
The Tulip Tree shone white,
And the bluebells looked as blue
As in the very woods they do ;
Yea, even on our tiny lawn
A blackbird sang at dawn,
And then a thrush took up the cry
In sudden clamorous ecstasy,
Till God smiled, looking gently down,
To see such joy in London Town.

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To M. L'E.

You sit so still in your invalid chair,
In the quiet room, day after day.
Nobody hears your step on the stair,
Nobody sees you flying away.

You hypocrite, you can't hide from me,
I've seen you flash down a moonlit lane,
I've watched you dancing over the sea,
I've met you on mountains again and again.

Last night I caught you in a wild rout,
Far, far away, where the old world ends,
I watched you tossing the stars about. . .
I know, I know who are your friends.

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Judas

WHAT all men share all men must execrate,
The mournful sin of Judas, whose despair
Shines out a sign for watchers everywhere,
The target of the world's most shallow hate.
What holy soul austere, invincible,
Treading strange heights on mortal feet of clay,
Has not at one time sold
The gift God gave him but to give away,
 Receiving not silver or gold
In payment for the Light Invisible,
But glory, for scant skill
In the task perilous and hard
Of pointing the way over the hill,
The path of Light on the sea,
The moonlit road through vine and olive yard,
Into the shadows of Gethsemane.

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Moonlight

THIS moon, so lonely fair,
That thrills the midnight air,
Shone thus two thousand years ago
Into the silver-shadowed gloom
Of that wide upper room,
Built high above the narrow street,
Where Jesus with Truth strange and sheer
To all men's hearts drew near. . . .
But his friends knew him not,
Nor whither he must go,
Nor why, thus utterly alone,
He knelt down on the cold stone
Gently, with love, to wash the feet
Of Judas, called Iscariot.

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The Roads of Mystery

THE road of a new rose, delicate, white,
Up from its roots, deep buried and blind,
 Down in the earth's night ;
The way of the sunlight over the sea ;
The path of a thought from the soul to the mind—
 Are the Roads of Mystery.

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The Singing Bough

YES, I was born in May.
The first of lovely things
That blessed my sight,
Before even the swallow's wings,
Was a wet bough flashing white,
Swung out against the radiant blue,
Singing the first notes of the great song
Of Orpheus, the Beautiful . . . the True,
The Loveliness that crowns all life with flowers,
Through good or evil chance
Of soul or circumstance,
And holds my hand and lifts my heart the whole
day long. . . .
Oh, rapturous sunlit Melody Divine,
Soul-shaking Dream of mine. . . .
Now I am growing old, yet to this day
I still must worship God in the White May.

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The Divine Image

No one can tell
How he looked as he stood on the marble stair,
In the purple robe with the thorns in his hair,
All is forgotten now.
No one can say
Whether eyes of grey,
Smiling in opalescent light,
Or peaceful pools of radiant brown,
(As in Luini's memories dim
And dreams of him),
Looked down
From under the torn bright hair and the great
brow,
As he stood there,
Pouring Love on the fires of hell. . . .
No one can tell. . . .
Nay, even in these late days,
Those whose keen gaze
Can pierce through Mercy's thin disguise
Shall see the colour of his eyes,
And those who worship Love's grace
Know the strange radiance of his face.
Yea, they who find Truth's pearl most rare
Shall see him standing on the stair.

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Gentians

AT Sils Maria, on a June morn,
When I caught in the grass a glint of blue,
It seemed that the earth's green veil was torn,
And Heaven was breaking through.

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The Seer

A RAINBOW shines in my mind,
I weep with the joy of its gracious form,
Made of water and colour and air, on fire
With the song of a skylark, singing high
In a blue dazzle of sky.

Men lost in the storm
Dream that all vision is empty desire ;
Men say I am blind,
They see not my great arch built out of air,
Belovèd and only Fair.

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The Wonderful Hour

UNDER a high-set tree
I spent a wonderful hour,
Dreaming of the green life,
The long growth, the difficult strife,
The strength and balance hard to attain,
Through joy of the sun and life of the rain,
The unconquerable ecstasy
And triumph of the white flower.
Then the new adventure high and rash,
The tree's life, undaunted, upward-soaring, mute,
Culminating in the Red Fruit,
The berries of the Mountain Ash.

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The Sunshine Falls

THE sunshine falls in mystery
On the white clouds and snow more white,
It is a glory on the sea,
And in the meadows light.

O Love, cast not thy rays alone
On the High Spirit's snow-clad towers ;
O'er dark seas build thy great white throne,
And be our Light among the flowers.

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The sun and the moon and the stars I give, and
I grudge to none,
I give the whole Glory of God to every man
under the sun ;
For through my soul there flows the Love that
has built up the earth and sky,
And set in the heart of dust and stone a glory
that cannot die,
And made a road for the tides beneath, and the
wonderful moon above,
And the wind-driven hearts of foolish men, in
the calm Heart of Love.
Sunlight and starlight are my dreams, and the
twilight deep and still,
For I have given my will to God, and mine is
God's dear will.
Mine is the Dream and the Splendour, the
broken parts and the whole,
For I have given my love to God, and my soul is
Love's wild soul.

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Everyman's Glimpse of Heaven

I HAVE been Fear, and Desire, and Hate, caught
in Earth's flying zodiac zone,
Endlessly treading the wind-swept path, driven
from sign to flaming sign,
I have been Vanity, Pain, and Death, changed
and builded and overthrown,
Yet once for a moment I, even I, was Love ;
steadfast this light doth shine
For him who would stand in truth beyond earth's
glittering zodiac way,
A branch of the Tree of Life eternal, the change-
less and star-laden vine,
Truth, Beauty, and Love, for ever and ever, to-day
and yesterday.

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There is the place from whence Life came,
There is the fire Prometheus stole,
There is the little holy flame
That burns in every living soul.

And there are rainbows and sea-shells,
And light, and wings, and flowers,
And every blessed dream that dwells
Wistfully in this world of ours.

Oh, glorious divine ascent,
And simple secret marvellous,
This is the Place to which he went
That he might come again to us.

For Love is that Diviner air,
The Breath of Life, the Rainbow Fire,
The goal of all things unaware,
God's soul, and purpose, and desire.

And Love is his eternal fate
Who takes Love for his guide.
Lo, at his touch the barrèd gate
Of heaven opens wide.

Thus very near our eyelids dim
The central Glory flames and swings,
And Cherubim and Seraphim
In emerald splendours bathe their wings.

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Ancient Indian philosophy became a religion to millions through its insistence on the Law of Evolutionary Re-birth and its endless search for the Narrow Way of Deliverance from the bondage of earth. . . .

Thus do the Himalayas and the Alps reflect, at different angles, rays from the One Light.

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